

SOUTH CAROLINA'S NEWSWEEKLY

February 1, 1974
Number 27
Twenty-Five Cents

OSCEOLA

Counting the rising 'stars'...



Harvey



Hartnett



Sanders

by Tim Rogers

"Being Vice-President is like being Lieutenant Governor. About as much prestige as a pitcher of warm spit."

—John Nance Garner

"It's a position I've always aspired to."

—State Senator Horace Smith

Running for lieutenant governor has for sometime been the traditional, acceptable avenue of graduation from intermediate ranks to the big-time in South Carolina politics; the next two stops being Governor, and if you're really good, U.S. Senator.

With the coming of more stable, moderate New South politics, the office of lieutenant governor became a well-established feeder system. Four out of the last five South Carolina governors were first lieutenant governors, the exception coming with the election of Donald Russell when Lt. Governor Burnett Maybank proved to be less-than-acceptable material.

The governmental-industrial complex that runs South Carolina depends upon what it calls "continuity" among the state's political leaders. Being lieutenant governor for four years, a sort of junior executive in the overall set-up, enables the establishment to look over a prospective candidate for admission into the inner circle, both to determine his competence, and to assure his understanding of and fidelity to our basic philosophy of doing things here in the New South. The continued successful functioning of this sort of screening system has been a major factor in keeping alive the partnership of most of the big business community in the state with the South Carolina Democratic Party. There has been no need to turn to the Republicans.

This year, however, there is the chance that such a move might be made. Both fallen star Earle Morris and his supposed replacement William Jennings Bryan Dorn are as yet judged lacking in the eyes of many, though either could still resurrect his fortunes. The Republicans still have no candidate, but if they come up with a superstar, much of the monied establishment would be seriously tempted to go their way.

It is a testimony to the strength of convention,
(Continued on page four)

ALSO:
Woman &
Credit Cards

Dairy Commission
Challenged

Fonda, Hepburn
& the Tube

Smith

osceola

"This script, it seems to me, is the work of professionals who yearned to be as charming as inspired amateurs can sometimes be."

Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.
"Between Time and Timbuktu"

VOLUME 2, NUMBER 27

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Published weekly by Parallax Media Projects, Inc., 1918 Blossom Street (P.O. Box 5033), Columbia South Carolina 29250

Copyright PMP, Inc.

Telephone: 254-7086
(business and editorial)

Third Class Postage
paid at Columbia, S.C.
Published weekly

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Subscriptions are \$5 (six
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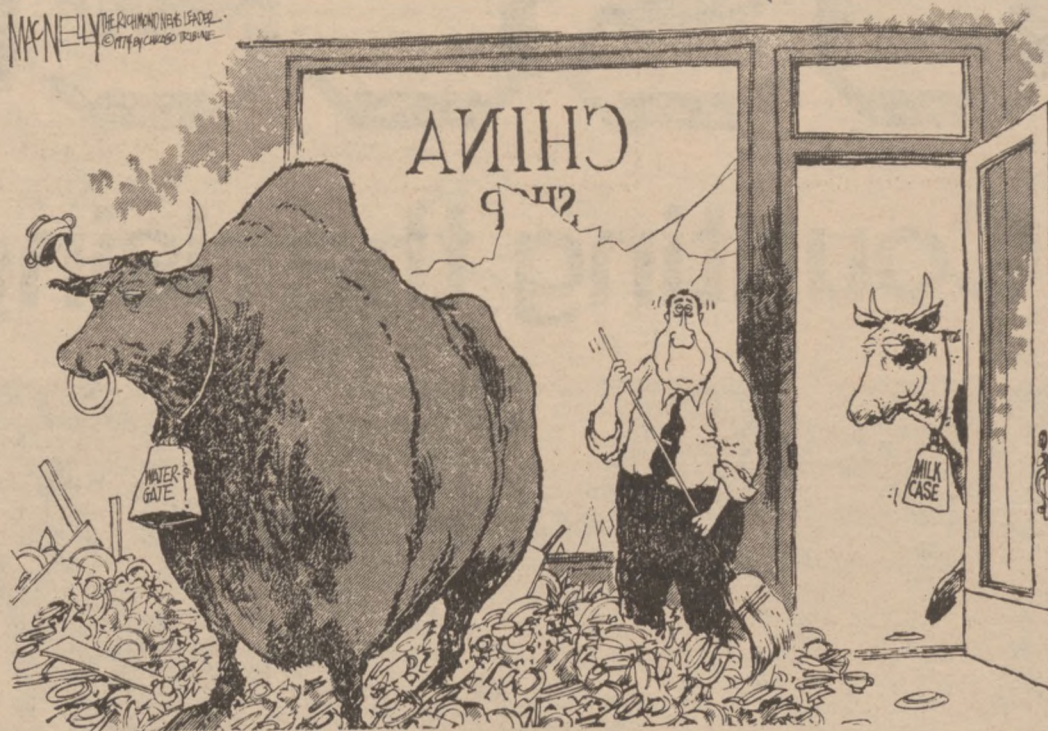
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TRB

from Washington



Tunneling

They're digging a subway here in Washington not two blocks from the White House, and sometimes at night, as you hurry for your bus over temporary runways and bouncing catwalks you see for a second frighteningly far below a gloomy light in the cavern under your feet and hurry on lest the walkway collapse.

They're digging something else here in Washington, too, a political excavation called impeachment, that gets deeper, stranger, more confused, more daunting every day, and sometimes as you hurry along you shudder lest the crazy thing collapse.

No, it won't. America won't collapse. What is happening could, in the long run even be beneficial. The country is extending in its own way the possible path of democracy. It is tunneling a passage through an impasse we though couldn't be forced. Nearly every day some new detonation shakes the structures, even the White House. Someday our children may use the precedents we are blasting now and never think of the commotion and agony that went into them.

In a few weeks, it looks now, England may hold a general election to end a deadlock that threatens to ruin her. There would be three or four weeks of electoral turbulence, and then, perhaps, a resolution one way or another. It is the traditional parliamentary safety valve for emergencies like this.

There is no such apparatus in the American Constitution, unfortunately, but the Founding Fathers did leave a provision which in our predicament we are rediscovering after 200 years. It is a process of impeachment (that is, indictment) by the House of Representatives for presidential maladministration. The process was to be "a bridge" upon the President, explained the Federalist, and it was enacted, out of fear of "encroachments of the executive." Impeachment was not to be a verdict of guilt—that would be left to a possible two-thirds vote of the Senate; impeachment was to be a preliminary examination in the House and a finding of probable cause.

These ideas of the presidency are so startling to most Americans today that we can hardly believe them, and yet the Founding Fathers were not subversives; it is we who have built up a different, mystical concept of the Imperial Presidency. The

rediscovery of the living Constitution, in the trauma of Watergate, is one of the most extraordinary ironies of our history. What is an impeachable offense? "The only honest answer is whatever a majority of the House of Representatives considers it to be in a given moment in history." Who made that astonishing remark? Why, Rep. Gerald Ford said it in 1970, arguing for impeachment of Justice William O. Douglas. And last week, I heard William Saxbe, the new attorney general, put it even more bluntly to a breakfast group: "The House can indict a man if they don't like the color of his necktie." Constitutional authorities like Raoul Berger, Paul S. Fenton and Leon Yankwich all agree on this: an impeachable offense is not necessarily a criminal offense; impeachment itself is not merely a juridical process; it is a political process. In short, the Framers left the matter vague because they wanted a curb on the presidency; they were haunted, like the Colonists before them, with the threat to liberty of the illimitable greed for power. It is only we moderns who hang back from taking action against the scandals of Watergate.

The mood in America today toward the Administration is not unlike the mood toward the Vietnam War. Many people loathed it but very few were willing to take drastic steps to end it. The strangest predicament is for the Republicans. I do not know one Republican politician who does not agree privately that it would probably be better for the party to get rid of the President and substitute Gerald Ford. Gerald Ford is, perhaps, the most valuable piece of political property in the country today. He is big, friendly, candid, direct, and honest. If he isn't an intellectual giant, so what: Are you? At the moment he is Mister Clean; just what the Republicans most need. Alas for him, he is now setting out to defend the Administration; the role is prepared for him and he must go through with it. "Only a relatively small group of activists," he proclaimed last week, are out to impeach the President. They seek to drag out the Watergate affair "for political advantage." The AFL-CIO, he says, and people like that. Poor Gerry.

And all the time the tunneling under Mr. Nixon's reputation goes on. It is strange in Washington, nobody believes anybody anymore, and people are prepared

to believe anything! The President is back from his California vacation, bleak and ravaged. He prepares to take his speeches and messages to Congress. Operation Candor has been a fiasco. The bell rings excitedly on the news ticker: Bulletin...the Pentagon has been stealing documents from Kissinger's National Security Affairs Office! Did you say the *radical intellectuals* had been stealing them? No, the admirals and generals.

The bell rings excitedly again. Bulletin...Technical experts tell Judge Sirica the 18-minute gap in the crucial subpoenaed tapes of the Nixon-Haldeman-Erlichman conversation of June 20, 1972 (presumably about Watergate) was made "by repeated stopping and starting."

And the sworn testimony that Mitchell and Kleindienst gave; didn't they say that nobody had pressured them in the ITT case? But here is the Administration's white paper on the subject. The President did pressure them.

And didn't Dr. Kissinger categorically assure the Senate that he had no knowledge of the intelligence activities of his former aide, David Young, co-director of the plumbers? Yet according to the latest development, Kissinger ordered Young to investigate the leaks to the Pentagon which he uncovered.

And didn't Mr. Nixon himself say he knew nothing in advance about the proposed campaign contributions of the dairymen for raising milk price supports in 1971? And what is the new story? According to the official white paper he met the dairymen in the Oval office, March 23, 1971, having previously been briefed on their expected gift. "There was not mention whatsoever of campaign contributions," it says.

But Ralph Nader, in a law suit brought to have the milk order rescinded, has got the White House tapes of what Mr. Nixon actually said. The President began by congratulating the dairymen for being "politically very conscious." He contrasted them flatteringly with businessmen and other "around this table" who "yammer and talk a lot" but "don't do anything about it." Then Mr. Nixon said significantly, "But you do, and I appreciate that. I don't need to spell it out. Friends talk, and others keep me posted as to what you do."

It is desperately difficult to believe that Mr. Nixon didn't know what was going on.

Women

Fighting credit inequities

by Elaine Lavendar

"...there is considerable sentiment both in the General Assembly and among the general public for the elimination or modification of laws and regulations which penalize women for being women..."

The State, Wednesday, May 9, 1973

There are plenty of examples of such sexual penalization, but one the most frustrating to women—in South Carolina and almost everywhere else in the United States—is the refusal of credit. In a recent speech, before the House of Representatives, Rep. Carolyn Fredericks outlined the plight of responsible credit-seeking women.

"It is said that present constitutional amendments are all the guarantee women need for equality of rights; Congress has approved the Civil Rights Act of 1964 (Title VII prohibits discrimination in employment unless sex is a 'bona fide occupational qualification') and the Equal Pay Act (which assures that many persons who do equal work receive equal pay regardless of sex). All of these measures help, but they fail to reach discrimination in many areas, and they allow substantial exemptions."

After the South Carolina House of Representatives voted to table the Equal Rights Amendment, Mrs. Frederick was quick to respond with individual legislation to eradicate some of the inequities women suffer under the laws of South Carolina. She was not so quick, however, that she failed to do her homework.

Obtaining credit is one of the biggest problems besetting today's women, yet Mrs. Frederick has explained that before she introduced her bill to make credit more readily accessible to women she called, among other people, a vice-president of a large Greenville bank and asked him if such a bill were really necessary. His answer; "Absolutely." He stated that he is constantly engaged in writing to various department stores verifying some of his best (female) depositor's credit standing so that they may obtain credit cards.

One of the most notable facts involving the entire problem of women's credit is that a very sizeable number of women (notably married women) do not realize that it *is* a problem. They are confident that they do have credit. And so they do—but it is in their husband's name and therefore of no help to them personally should they ever wish to have a credit card, loan, or any other form of credit on their own or should their marital status ever change.

(Any woman inclined to disbelieve this should try applying for a credit card without filling out any information on her husband...)

During the past several years, Mrs. Frederick has had occasion to collect innumerable accounts of discrimination against women trying to obtain credit. Single women seem to have the least trouble (although their problems may be considerable unless they are professional women), and divorced women apparently have the most difficulty.

Here are just a few cases of South Carolina sexual discrimination cited by Mrs. Frederick:

†A married woman who writes for the *Greenville News* makes twice the salary of her husband who is a proof reader. Yet, when they applied for a loan to buy a house, her salary was *not even considered* because "she is in the childbearing age."

†A worker's widow of 6 years was repeatedly unable to have her dead husband's credit cards transferred to her name. Since she could not obtain credit on her own, she continued to use her late husband's cards and was even able to open new accounts in his name.



†A woman stockholder, when she informed her stockbroker that she had married and wanted to change her name, was sent a form her husband was to sign giving his permission for the account. The woman refused to have this form signed. Her broker then froze the account, preventing the woman from buying or selling her own stock.

Acknowledging the fact that there is indeed a problem, Columbia's Women's Equity Action League (WEAL), last year decided to see what, if anything, could be done to bring the problem to the public's attention. First, they decided to do some research, so they conducted a survey based on similar surveys done in other cities.

After an initial publicity campaign in the fall, WEAL sent out questionnaires to 24 Columbia stores asking how credit is issued. (Notably, they received only four replies, although a few stores did send back other types of information. The apathetic response triggered Women and Credit Month last November.)

Prior to Women and Credit Month, WEAL held a workshop at which their

national chairperson spoke about pending federal legislation designed to end sex discrimination in the dissemination of credit. During November, women were to canvass Columbia, applying for credit and then filling out evaluation forms on stores. (These forms are still being processed by WEAL.)

Leila Sullivan, the local WEAL president, has made a number of applications herself. She said she found Sears and MasterCard to be the least discriminating of those inspected. Most applications had to be filled out in the husband's name; many had space for only one signature (the husband's).

Ms. Sullivan also investigated the local credit bureaus. In Lexington County she encountered no difficulty, but when she asked the Credit Bureau of Columbia if she might see her file, she was told there would be a \$3.00 charge. They also refused absolutely to separate her file from her husband's. Later that night she received a telephone call from the president of the bureau—very apologetic about the treatment she had received. When she did finally see her file, she found that all the

data on it concerned her husband; the only information the credit bureau had on her was her first name!

In other encounters, Ms. Sullivan applied for a credit card at Bellas Hess. When filling out the application, she did not give any information on her husband. The lady in the Bellas Hess credit department called the credit bureau and they filled in the information about Mr. Sullivan.

Berry's on Main refused to turn in an application without information on the husband. Mrs. Sullivan received a letter turning down her application. A telephone call revealed that Berry's on Main always issued their cards in the man's name because "a man would be embarrassed to use his wife's card."

Ms. Sullivan said that not only credit applications from women are treated in a discriminatory manner but also solicitations for credit as well. For example, a Columbia widow received two letters from Davison's—one to her, one to her deceased husband. The letter to her husband had a detachable form for his signature only (no credit information required), that could be sent in, whereupon a card would be issued automatically. The letter to the lady required a full credit check.

Another women—divorced—wished to notify stores that she was returning to her maiden name. One store told her she must first pay off the complete balance that she owed and then re-apply in her maiden name.

There is encouraging evidence that such overt discrimination will soon be illegal. Bella Abzug (D-New York) has two bills before the House Banking and Currency Committee. HR 8163 would be attached to the Truth in Lending Act prohibiting discrimination on account of sex or marital status in credit and mortgage transactions.

In the U.S. Senate, Sen. Heckler (R-Massachusetts) is sponsoring S5414 which prohibits sexual discrimination in granting federal loans for housing.

Here in South Carolina, Mrs. Frederick's bill H-1036 is co-sponsored by 32 other House members. It states: "A Bill to provide that credit shall not be denied on account of sex or marital status and to provide a penalty."

"Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of South Carolina:

SECTION 1. No person shall be denied credit on account of sex or marital status. For purposes of this act the term "credit" means the right granted by a creditor to person to defer payment of debt or to defer its payments.

SECTION 2. Any person violating the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined not more than one thousand dollars or be imprisoned for not more than ninety days. Each day's violation shall constitute a separate offense.

SECTION 3. This act shall take effect upon approval by the Governor."

This bill is currently in a sub-committee of the House Judiciary Committee chaired by Rep. Robert McFadden.

Its prospects of passage are "promising." Perhaps the concept of a more liberated Southern woman is an idea whose time has finally come. Even the conservative South Carolina daily press is pushing for the legislation. Last May, the *Greenville News* offered its editorial support.

"South Carolina does not have to wait for the passage of a constitutional amendment to put its house in order. Both opponents and proponents of the ERA should stand together behind efforts to ferret out any vehicles within state jurisdiction that encourage or make possible discrimination in any form."

4 who would be Lt. Governor

(Continued from page one)

however, that almost all of the scrambling and positioning for statewide office going on among the young aspirants and rising stars in both houses of the legislature have been with eyes not on stepping in and taking advantage of confusion in the race for governor, but rather on the race for lieutenant governor. They're actually a pretty timid crew, when you get right down to it.

That's not to suggest there's any dearth of enthusiasm around the State House these days. To the contrary, everybody is fully aware that this is January of an important election year. You walk around the lobby and you see more shoulder-jabbing and elbow-tugging per square inch than at any time during the last twelve months. Shiny little lapel buttons fresh out of the mill begin appearing, usually worn by the guys with the widest, flashiest smiles. They're also the easiest to start conversations with. You go up to one and introduce yourself, and if you're total strangers, you usually get something like, "Aw, yeah! You don't have to tell me who you are! How ya doin'? How's the family?"

Yes, folks it's that old campaign fever. And down at the end of Main Street, you can cut the tension and excitement with a reasonably sharp knife. Fortunately or unfortunately, none of the shocks the "system" has received in 1973 seem to have inhibited the poliferation of political ambitions around here at all. If anything, there seems to be more action this year than in some time.

In the early going, the Democratic contest for Lieutenant Governor was a two-man race. Of the original two contenders, only one remains—Rep. Brantley Harvey of Beaufort.

Harvey's opposition in 1973 was State Senator Isadore Lourie of Columbia. "Izzy," as his buddies like to call him, carried a number of political liabilities into the campaign: he was too Jewish, too much identified as an urban politician, and too much identified as a liberal, though in fact his ideological positions were almost exactly those of the classic New South moderate.

Despite these handicaps, Lourie could have safely been described as the front runner at the time he withdrew from the race. Actually, Lourie never formally declared his candidacy. By the time Harvey became the first to do so, however, Lourie clearly had the edge. Lourie is a keen politician, with a good understanding and feel for the fundamentals. Under the staff direction of 26-year-old Charlestonian Bud Ferillo, to whom a good chunk of the credit must go for freshman Charleston Senator Dewey Wise's victory last year, the Lourie campaign had moved aggressively and decisively to consolidate Lourie's basic constituency. Among Jews, blacks, labor, liberals, the elderly, and urban voters, Lourie had built a solid base. He knew where his potential strength lay, and he worked hard to maximize it. Harvey, on the other hand, was not as well organized, with a much less well-defined idea on his constituency. He moved more slowly, more cautiously.

"I think Izzy had the edge when he withdrew, but I also think he was probably at the peak of his potential or near it," said one party insider last week. "Whether or not he could have beaten Brantley in a two-way race would have been pretty much up to how well Brantley could have caught on with people during the balance of the campaign."

We'll never know on that one, however, because in mid-December, Lourie let it be known he was backing out. The reasons were mostly physical; Lourie had a number of minor ailments that seemed to be aggravated by his early campaigning. Lourie's doctor and wife had the final words, convincing the Richland politico to abort.

Lourie's withdrawal from the race created a substantial vacuum, and the laws of politics are just about as definite on that as the laws of science. Harvey was astute enough to immediately see the opportunities thus presented, and moved quickly to begin courting those who had earlier made commitments to Lourie. This strategy has proved at least partially successful for the Beaufort lawyer, helping to make him the generally acknowledged front runner as of now.

At 44, Brantley Harvey is already a 15-year veteran in the House. Tall, slim, and attractive, his appearance is well-suited to the role of rising star. Harvey has actually had his eyes on "higher office" for some time, his ambitions having been encouraged by his family and particularly his father, a well-respected and well-to-do Lowcountry figure.

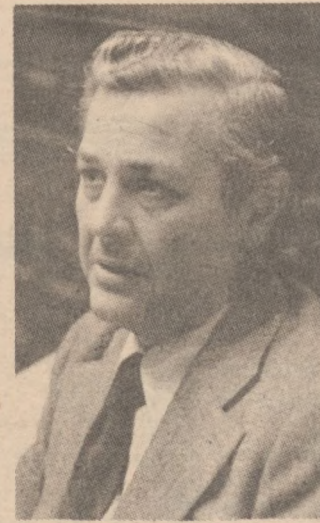
The Harvey family has been obviously generous in providing financial resources for Brantley's campaign in the critical early days. While both his Democratic opponents claim only one-person staffs, and neither has yet opened a Columbia headquarters, Harvey opened his Sumter Street headquarters some time ago, currently has a full-blown campaign staff including former state High Education Commission Executive Secretary Betsy Jumper running the Columbia headquarters, a full-time



Rep. Alex Sanders



Rep. Brantley Harvey



Sen. Horace Smith



Sen. Tom Hartnett

administrative assistant to finance chairman Hank Chambers, who is also Mayor of Beaufort, and a personal AA, recent law school graduate and unsuccessful legislative candidate Vic Rawl, as well as having secured the services of a major Charleston political advertising firm, Wagers and Hane, to do the PR work.

Some observers were at least mildly surprised at Harvey's early announcement last summer, since his colleague from Beaufort, state Senator James Waddell, who was John West's titular campaign manager, had long been assumed to be a prospect for either lieutenant governor or governor this year. Although Harvey denies it ("I'm no wheeler-dealer going around trying to keep people out of the race..."), stealing the advantage from Waddell was the first obstacle that had to be overcome.

Having done that, Harvey set his goal to visit every county in the state by January 1. "I almost made it," he said last week. "We got into all but ten counties, and we're visiting those now. Then it'll be time for the second round."

The Harvey campaign has been and will be a traditionalist one, in the New South sense of that term. Phase I has consisted largely of cultivating the opinion maker/politico types; later he will come on with a substantial dose of media advertising, as well as frequenting the shopping centers and other locations where hand-shaking tours have become customary as election day approaches.

Harvey himself is no dynamo; he impresses one as actually being rather shy, and his smiling, cautiously hesitating conversational style is not unlike that of the current lieutenant governor, Earle Morris. Both in his manner and his approach to the issues, Harvey intends to portray himself as the most likely and desirable successor and defender of the Hollings-Russell-McNair-West-(Morris) tradition. He believes in measured, moderate progress, with primary emphasis on continued industrial development practices as the best way to get South Carolina where (he believes) it wants to go. He will stress increased job opportunities, education and housing, but makes it clear that he favors continuity with the approach that has been used heretofore, as opposed to any new departures or beginnings.

In short, Harvey is convinced that a majority of the voters, as well as the state's power structure, are looking for a fairly safe known quantity—responsible and dependable, in this second year of Watergate. And that's just how he aims to come across.

You could say the same thing, basically, about Senator Horace Smith, D-Spartanburg, who became the latest entry into the fray just last week at a well-attended press conference in the Wade Hampton Hotel. Smith, who bears a striking resemblance to John Connally, has the greatest legislative seniority in the race, having served 14 years beginning with his selection to the House in 1951.

Horace Smith is a well-liked, "good-ole-boy" lawyer, 51 years old, never really having had much serious opposition in Spartanburg throughout his political career. "It's just kinda like when Horace decided he wanted to run for something, everybody got together and said, well, let's give it to him. The only stiff race I can remember him ever being in was when John Noland beat the pants off him for circuit solicitor back in 1949," said one veteran piedmont politico.

In the legislature, Smith has been at least as faithful as Harvey to the programs of the state's New South Democratic leadership; he has a solid moderate record. When asked about some of the more important issues, Smith talks about things like law enforcement and

implementing the home rule constitutional amendment; yet when asked to compare his positions with those of other candidates, he has yet to really disagree with anything they've said.

Most seem to agree that Smith is a sincere man with basic progressive tendencies, so it cannot really be said that he is "the conservative" in the race. The fact that he is the only candidate from the piedmont is a distinct advantage on paper, at least, and several party insiders have confided that with the proper campaign, Smith might just make it.

The problem is that Horace Smith is pretty much of a docile character. (One party insider preferred the term, "notoriously lazy.") Some observers have questioned whether the senator has the requisite minimum aggressiveness to win in a statewide campaign. He's just not the kind of guy that could seize your imagination.

But, then, who knows; Maybe he's been saving it all up for the big move. At any rate, just exactly how much, if at all, Senator Smith will be a factor must remain a question-mark for a while.

And then there's Alex. In Alex there's hope, if not for a first thrust toward a newer politics in the state, at least for a more entertaining campaign.

Rep. Alexander M. Sanders, 34-year-old Democrat from Columbia, saw his chance when "Izzy" Lourie let it be known he was calling it quits. Sanders, along with several others who consider themselves young and/or progressive in the Columbia area, was impressed with the headway Lourie had been able to make, and immediately began jockeying for position to perhaps take the Senator's place. The one constraint on the pack was the common knowledge that the field had room for only one serious candidate from the capitol city area.

In a relatively short time, events led to a luncheon confab between Sanders and state Democratic Party chairman Don Fowler. Both were eager to make the race, and both were basically out to convince the other of their superior credentials under the circumstances. Fowler and Sanders each contend there was no decision made at the meeting. Nevertheless, two days later Fowler let it be known he was withdrawing, and Sanders announced his candidacy at a "press conference" replete with bluegrass band and a mob of enthusiastic backers.

Alex Sanders has made a name for himself, both as politician and lawyer, primarily as an environmentalist. Sanders and the state's environmental movement have probably been close enough to be one and the same to a lot of TV news viewers, at least in the midlands. One day he's leading bewildered WIS cameramen through the Santee-Cooper swamps in search of near-extinct songbirds to fowl attempts to cut the swamps' timber, another he's leading the fight on the floor of the House for Tidelands legislation. In the last four years, he's become the acknowledged, if sometimes begrudged, leader of every bona fide environment freak in the state. And that's more voters than a lot of people realize.

For Sanders, the environmentalist following is a definite political base, though its exact extent is still an unknown quantity. But Alex realizes that he'll need more than that to win, and that's what he's out to do. He must be able to count on much, if not most of the support that would have gone to Lourie—blacks, Jews, labor, liberals. But beyond that, Sanders is oriented toward economic reform which, though actually modest as he articulates it, borders on the neo-populism of Southern Democratic progressives such as Reuben Askew and Henry Howell.

The heavyweight issue is tax reform. Sanders has

sponsored various tax reform proposals in the House; the most well-publicized was the Sanders-Riley amendment two years ago to re-structure state income tax rate graduation. The amendment failed, but was the first serious tax reform measure to gain any notoriety in recent years.

Now, Sanders wants to utilize the tax reform issue to spearhead an attempt at coalescing a progressive majority in the primary. In its essentially anti-establishment tone, it would be the first such serious attempt since Olin Johnston's day; in its active and visible inclusion of blacks, it would literally be *sui generis*.

But really now—anti-establishment? When the last time you heard a South Carolina politician use that term in a non-derogatory context? But here it is: "Well, I've got to be an anti-establishment candidate since I am taking the position that things should not stay the way they are. I sure am. If I thought things ought to stay the way they are, I wouldn't bother to run. I'd be willin' to let the same people who've been runnin' the state all these years continue to run it. But, I'm not willin' to do that."

Sanders shies away from political talk about the possible larger ramifications of his candidacy: "I'm really not trying to come one as some kind of *vox populi*, bluegrass band to the contrary notwithstanding."

Yes, when he gets cranked up, Alex can really get to sound pretty voxy: "We've never addressed ourselves seriously in the legislature to how it is we get the money and what it is we get the money from. With our non-progressive income tax, the patently regressive sales tax, all of our special taxes—soft drink taxes and everything else, that guy down there in the income bracket of less than ten thousand dollars a year, in most cases less than seven thousand dollars a year—he's the guy that's paying. He's carrying the whole load. How can anybody advocate that the less money you make, the more taxes you have to pay? But that's the whole South Carolina tax structure. And it's just indefensible. Most people are beginning to wake up to the fact that *something's wrong*. One reason I'm runnin' is because I want to get the chance to tell the people *exactly* what's wrong, and what can be done about it."

And again, on taxing big business: "If an industry is not in a position to bear its fair share of the tax load, then I question its ability to contribute to the economy of South Carolina. Last year down here I proposed an amendment that provided that every corporation in the state pay at least one hundred dollars in income tax. That was overwhelmingly defeated. A man and his wife and two kids, making eight thousands dollars a year, pays a hundred dollars in income tax just for the privilege of being a citizen of this state. It seems to me a corporation ought to pay at least that much for the privilege of existing in this state. We sure spend a lot of time on 'em, dealing with their problems here in the legislature; and it seems like if they couldn't pay at least a hundred dollars a year in income tax, you would question the value of their existence."

Ideologically, the Sanders candidacy is not without problems. Some black leaders have noted unfavorably that Sanders was vocal in his opposition to single-member districts during last year's reapportionment fight. (Sanders contests his characterization as "vocal," claiming he never took the floor during the debate. A number of the capitol press corps who were on hand confirm the fact, however, that Sanders did take part in unfriendly questioning of pro-single-member-district speakers during crucial stages of the battle.) Then there is the fact that Sanders broke into politics as the "product" of the infamous Tom Elliott-bossed Richland County Democratic machine, not exactly a bastion of reform sentiment.

Enough Richland County voters thought Sanders had sufficient merit independent from the machine to re-elect him by a handsome margin in 1972, however, despite the fact that most Elliott-backed candidates took it on the chin pretty hard. Says Sanders, "I will acknowledge that I have made some political errors, as well as some errors on the merits of some issues. I think that is probably inevitable when you've been as active as I have tried to be."

And there will be political problems with the Sanders campaign as well. A great percentage of Sanders backers in the past have been upper-middle-class types who are mainly interested in his environmental endeavors. Sanders himself comes across much more the well-fed boyish aristocrat than the lean and hungry barn-burnin' share-the-wealth populist. Some observers question his ability to reconcile these sometimes conflicting elements into a viable electoral base. "I just don't know whether Alex can put it together," said one party bet. "I don't know how he's going to come across to the farmers and the working people. I don't know but that his efforts to attract these voters in the way he's doin' it might not turn off some of the voters that have been with him in the past. You don't have to look and sound like Henry Howell or Huey Long to be a populist; look at Askew, look at Bobby Kennedy. Whether Alex can bridge the gap, I think, remains to be seen. He's got a long way to go."

Alex does have a long way to go. He'll have to mobilize

a good bit of manpower, and raise a good bit more money than he has thus far. Another problem might well be the lack of a flesh-and-blood opponent to personify the establishmentarian evils he wants to point up. So far, Senator Horace Smith has agreed with Sanders' tax reform proposals down-the-line. And so, for the most part, has Rep. Brantley Harvey, though Harvey has already begun to attack some of Sanders' representations about what could be expected out of wholesale tax reform in terms of relief for taxpayers. Harvey will probably continue to question the credibility of some of Sanders' proposals, in a milder version of Hubert Humphrey's strategy against George McGovern in the '72 California primary. "The real answer to taxes is to either cut government spending, or increase per capita income. You're just fooling people if you say that by revising the tax structure we're going to be able to make any substantial reductions for lower income taxpayers. The figures just aren't there," charged Harvey last week.

Party insiders seem in agreement that if Sanders' progressive economic reform line is to catch on, he will be forced to talk in specific terms, which, of course, always makes a candidate more vulnerable to attack. Further, it seems clear Sanders will not be able to stick just to tax reform if he is to make a solid pitch for populist votes, but will be forced to take on other issues of reform as well, particularly the status of the regulatory commissions. Sanders has already talked a great deal about the Dairy Commission.

But these are powerful enemies to be making—the

“...the most politically telling contests may be those to choose the state's second-in-command...”

corporations, big agriculture, the governmental-industrial establishment, and they aren't used to abuse from South Carolina politicians. While Sanders' opposition is likely to try to deflate his balloon by going along with many of his specific reform proposals, they are also just as likely, both in the primary and the general election if he makes it that far, to paint Alex as a little too radical and unpredictable to be trusted. Brantley Harvey's PR people, for example, confirm their basic strategy to be representing Harvey to be the more moderate "middle-of-the-road" candidate.

Against that backdrop, Sanders' unconventional campaign techniques (bluegrass bands, riding public buses on campaign tours) could either help him consolidate a positive public response to a "fresh air" approach, or facilitate his characterization by his opponents as erratic, perhaps even a buffoon.

On those odds, Alex Sanders' biggest plus seems to be the unpretentiousness and easy manner of his personality. Despite the acknowledged dimensions of the task he is undertaking, Sanders is refreshingly open, has a good sense of humor, and doesn't take himself too seriously, a malady the state and national political systems have been suffering quite enough from lately.

If he sticks to his guns, but falls short of the prize, Sanders will have, nevertheless, made a not insignificant contribution to opening up the Democratic Party in particular, and state politics in general. If he makes it, you can bet a lot of other politicians will suddenly become a lot less cautious and conservative in their *modi operandi*.

Whatever the outcome, at least things will be a little more interesting for the next ten months because Alex Sanders' hat is in the ring.

Finally, lest you get the wrong idea, there are a bunch of Republicans out there who are just as eager to plunge into the quadrennial scramble for the lieutenant governor's post: Greenville Rep. Carroll Campbell, Aiken Rep. Marshall Cain, Spartanburg Rep. George Dean Johnson, and GOP State Chairman Ken Powell, just to name a few.

The Republicans' problem has not been in finding suitable candidates for lieutenant governor, but in finding a suitable candidate for governor. When and if they solve that problem, most of their other candidate problems will take care of themselves.

Most members of the Republican hierarchy have become convinced that they still have a chance to win the contest for governor this year, but to do so, they feel they must find a candidate whose "civic reputation" is such that he could attract substantial Democratic and independent support. As of this moment, you can still read that: General William Westmoreland.

Westy has been awfully coy with the Republicans, to the point that a number of the more powerful party higher-ups are plainly put out with the former Vietnam War commander. "An arrogant son-of-a-bitch" was the way one GOP dubbed the possible future standard-bearer. "The bastard thinks he can wait and wait, and then just order everybody in South Carolina to vote for him. I've got news for him: it just doesn't work that way, and sooner or later, he's going to have to come down off his cloud and face reality."

Westmoreland now says he will not be forthcoming with a decision until mid-February, but that delay could prove fatal not only to his own fortunes, but those of the Republican Party as well. In the first place, the Republicans will hold their first statewide nominating primary this year, and there are already signs that Westmoreland will face opposition if he becomes a candidate.

The most likely opponent is state senator James Edwards, R-Charleston, a popular conservative who almost defeated Congressman Mendel Davis in the special election following Mendel Rivers' death. Edwards is gathering support now from Republicans who have grown too tired of Westmoreland's waiting game to be rehabilitatable. And if Edwards or some of Republican carries the fight to the primary, with the smaller number and more partisan nature of the voters expected, Westmoreland could just possibly be had.

Again, most Republicans are not yet that mad with Westmoreland. The GOP guys are hungry for a win this year, and to win you have to be realistic, and being realistic, they know Westmoreland is probably the best candidate they can get. So they will wait. If Westy finally cops out, Commerce Secretary Fred Dent of Spartanburg would do almost as well.

Meanwhile, however, the Republicans continue to lose valuable time to the Democrats, whose prospective candidates for Governor, lieutenant governor, Congress, and so on have already been out for some time pounding shoe leather and pumping hands. Regardless of who their candidate will be, the longer the Republicans postpone starting up their campaign efforts, the greater their disadvantage will be when they finally do get cranked.

Why, then, must all the other potential GOP candidates wait to see who's going to run for Governor? One party insider put it like this: "Hell, they're scared, that's why. If Westmoreland declared for Governor tomorrow, we'd have more candidates than you could shake a stick at by the end of the week. Because they think Westmoreland can win. But all of 'em have become convinced that we've got to have that strength at the top of the ticket. Frankly, I think we're at the point now that we either get Westmoreland or Dent, and put it all together in a big way, or we don't get either or 'em, and we fall flat on our faces in a big way. It could turn out real good, or real bad. I don't think there'll be any in-between."

Some months ago, state senator Tommy Hartnett, R-Charleston, became the only formally declared GOP candidate for lieutenant governor thus far. Party sources say Hartnett made the move to try to get some momentum going for the '74 primaries than for any other reason, though Hartnett could end up becoming a serious candidate. So far, he has done little campaigning, however, mainly because of the increasing prospect that his colleague and close friend, Jim Edwards, may run for Governor. If and when Edwards would announce, Hartnett would quickly withdraw for obvious reasons.

Like a good many other young Republican stars, Hartnett broke into politics as a Democrat. He demonstrated impressive vote-getting ability in Charleston county, before running unsuccessfully in the Democratic primary for Congress eventually won by Mendel Davis. Later, Hartnett switched to the GOP, and ran successfully for the state senate.

Most of Hartnett's political speeches in the last few months have been defenses of Nixon and Agnew (for a while). At the same time, like many Republicans in the legislature, Hartnett has regularly spoken out for procedural reform since coming too the Senate. At one point, Hartnett locked horns in a rather bitter exchange with Berkeley Senator Rembert Dennis, and any South Carolina state senator willing to do that can't be all bad, after all...

Well, it is *only* January, and a lot can and probably will happen to change things around a good bit before Primary Day. John Nance Garner may have been right about both the Vice-Presidency and the various lieutenant governorships around the country, but that doesn't stop any number of U.S. Senators, Congressmen, Governors and other distinguished Americans from unashamedly and regularly rushing around every four years trying to get to be Vice-President, nor does it preclude similar phenomema in the states to get to be number two.

Particularly in South Carolina, the office has continued unique political significance. And the chances are that even in this year of increased intra-party interest in the governor's race, the most politically telling contests may well be those to choose the state's second-in-command.

Dairy Commission: SAUCE FOR THE GANDER

by Dick Harpootlian

"The Dairy Commission doesn't want to give up its price-fixing power because it's dominated by producers who are making a big fat profit right now. They don't want to complete or operate more efficiently; they just want to protect themselves. When I met with them they didn't want to discuss any of the issues which indicates to me that they're going to fight tooth and nail to protect their own hides."

Bill Harden, director of consumer organization Public Voice, had just walked away from a meeting with the Dairy Commission feeling cautiously satisfied with the outcome. The purpose of the meeting was to allow Harden to present the commission with petitions signed by 13,000 South Carolinians asking the Commission to repeal their November 12th decision to raise the minimum retail price of milk from 75 cents to 84 cents. The press had packed the room anticipating perhaps a confrontation between the sometimes antagonistic Harden and the Commissioners who are obviously getting tired of the public lambasting they have received since their November decision.

Harden, in addressing the group, termed the Commission "an archaic institution, the type of institution which becomes dominated by the industry it purports to regulate." Fighting words, but the commissioners made no direct response to his criticism—just a few questions about "Where'd you say you were from?" and "How come you didn't bring this up at the hearing in November?" Harden explained that PV hadn't been created until late November so appearing at the hearing three weeks earlier would have been difficult, to say the least. And besides, Harden's tone seemed to intimate, who would have thought we were going to get the royal screwing we ultimately got?

"Tooth and nail," that's the way it's going to be, no doubt about it.

Many consumers' animosity towards the Dairy Commission goes much deeper than just the November 12th decision. It's a disagreement with the concept of price-fixing in general and specifically,

allowing members of the industry to participate in that price-fixing process in the case of the dairy commission.

Of the 10 members of the Dairy Commission, three are producers, one is a distributor; one is a retail merchant and one is the state Commissioner of Agriculture. The other four are "consumers." (All 10 are appointed by the Governor).

David C. Waldrop of Newberry is the largest producer on the Commission. A dairy farmer since 1942, he has a herd of 225 head which he estimates produce 10,000 pounds of raw milk per head per day.

George Tupper, Sr., of Summerville, was a member of the Commission until his death in August. He had a herd of 117 cows producing 1.4 million pounds of milk each year. He was replaced on the Commission by his son, George, Jr. At the time of his death, the senior Tupper was a registered lobbyist for the South Carolina Council of Milk Producers League.

Kenneth W. Mitchell of Saluda is the third producer. He has a herd of 75 cows which produce almost a half million pounds of milk per year. Mitchell is also vice-chairman of the Board of Directors of the American Dairy Association of South Carolina. That's the group which has recently sponsored numerous advertisements in the state's newspapers and on television and radio stations purporting to explain the dairy farmer's plight. (Public Voice estimates that the ADASC has spent over \$15,000 on the ad campaign).

The owner of a Red and White store in Lexington is one of the retail members. Hampton S. Caughman estimates that he does \$80,000 to \$90,000 worth of business a year in milk and milk by-products.

Robert P. Knapp of Columbia, vice president of Coburg Dairy, is the producer representative on the Commission. Coburg is the largest privately owned dairy in the state, operating in 34 counties in South Carolina.

Eugene E. Stone, a Florence radio station and motel owner, is a consumer

member and Chairman of the Commission.

J. T. Lazar, Jr., a Clemson dairy science professor is another consumer representative. Lazar received his masters degree in dairy science from Cornell University and his Ph.D. from North Carolina State.

P. Eugene Brabham, a semi-retired gift shop operator from Bamberg also is a consumer representative. Prior to his appointment to the Commission in December of 1970, Brabham served as a member of the House of Representatives for eight years and as a member of the Senate for six years. He has recently retired as editor and publisher of the *Bamberg Herald*.

Mrs. Allen J. Lambright, a Spartanburg real estate agency owner, has been a consumer representative on the Commission for seven years.

W. L. Harrelson of Mullins is Agriculture Commissioner and serves as an ex-officio member of the Dairy Commission.

One consumer who attended several of the Commission's meetings asked, "Would you allow Southern Bell and SCE&G to have five out of the nine seats on the Public Service Commission?" The conflict of interest, Public Voice and other say, is inherent in the structure of the Commission and can only be dealt with by the legislature. There have been murmurings in the State House of "abolishing the Dairy Commission", but no serious effort has developed.

Rather than dealing with the legislature, Harden and his Voice have taken their case to the judiciary. While the price-fixing power of the Commission has been held unconstitutional by the South Carolina Supreme Court on three different occasions, the legislature has responded with cosmetically different Boards in each instance. This meant the Voice would have to go to federal court, which they did. In a suit filed in Federal District Court in December, members of Voice asked the court to strike down the Commission's price-fixing powers as violative of the equal protection and due process clauses of the Fourteenth Amendment to the U.S. Constitution. Another aspect of the suit involves the surety bond requirement of the Dairy Commission law. Under that provision, if a party seeks to challenge through a lawsuit a Commission decision affecting milk prices, the party must post a

bond to cover losses incurred by farmers if an injunction is ordered in case the suit is lost. (Simply, this means that if someone wants to stop a price increase and is awarded an injunction which will do that until the case can be heard in full, then that person must post bond to cover farmer and distributor losses if he should lose the suit.)

Harden says this precludes the possibility of a suit in state courts since, for instance, in the present price hike controversy that amount would have been \$7,700 per calendar day.

According to officials of Public Voice the federal panel to hear the case has been chosen—Judges Martin, Russell and Haynesworth—but no date or place for the hearing has been announced.

In addition to minimum retail price-fixing Harden also would like to see the present rebate system scrapped.

Under the system the minimum price a store may sell a half gallon of milk for is 84 cents. The store purchases the milk from the wholesaler for 81 cents a half gallon, but is eligible for rebates depending on how much milk it buys each month.

If a store purchases \$100 or less in milk each month from a wholesaler it doesn't qualify for a rebate. The result is that the store makes three cents on each half gallon it sells, if it sells it at the minimum price.

If, however, a store owner bought more than \$6,000 worth of milk each month from a distributor then that owner is eligible for a 14% volume rebate from the wholesaler.

The rebate percentage scale is as follows: over \$100, 3 percent; over \$400, 5 percent; over \$1,000, 6 percent; over \$2,000, 7 percent; over \$3,000, 9 percent; over \$4,000, 10 percent; over \$5,000, 11 percent; and over \$6,000, 14 percent.

These rebates are set by the Dairy Commission and while the Commission apparently feels there are no legal bars to the rebate system, Harden says that Section 32.1640.52 of the S. C. Code of Laws specifically forbids discriminatory rebates, discounts, or allowances.

"That's what the law says and yet their system is based upon a premise which contradicts the law; that's what we're disturbed about," Harden explains.

But the big question and perhaps the most difficult one to ascertain is, even if the dairy industry does control the



Photos by J. Gross

Consumer group head Bill Harden questions the Commission.

Commission and even if the price-fixing and rebate procedures are violative of the law, should the price of milk go up and if so, how much?

The immediate reaction of the Commission is to compare the prices paid by consumers for milk in South Carolina to the prices paid in other states. Jargon like "marketing margin" and "distribution margins" clutter up the conversation so that everybody except the Commission and the experts are left out in the cold.

Basically, the arguments mean this: the industry spokespersons say they must have price supports because milk, unlike other products cannot be stored and must be "harvested" twice a day. Unlike other farmers he can't switch "crops." Soybeans and other livestock feeds have skyrocketed in cost in the past few months, so the farmers' costs have increased proportionately.

The "consumer" spokespersons argue that milk, like any other product should be sold on the open market and that competition and more efficient methods of production and processing should determine what the price will do.

"Right now we are rewarding these inefficient and lazy processors. The dairy farmer is getting screwed, he only got a penny of the last price increase; the rest went to middlemen who didn't even have the soybean price increase to deal with. Competition is the answer," Bill Harden says.

Harden points out that while the "average" price of milk in South Carolina is comparable in other states, that in states where there is competition you can purchase milk at far cheaper prices in some places. A member of the Dairy Commission said to that, "But with the energy crisis who is going to drive all that way to save a few cents?" Harden just smiled.

Another response by the Commission to many of Harden's criticisms was to allude to the special study committee created by the legislature last year to study the dairy industry's problems which will yield its report by March and that Harden should wait to see what the committee recommends.

Harden asks, "Why didn't the Commission ask the dairy industry to wait for that report before it granted the price increase? What's sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander."



Chairman Stone (with arms folded) listens to testimony, as other members look on.

Television/Hepburn and Fonda

Good gone to bad

by Dan Lackey

In 1914, the great Sarah Bernhardt performed at San Quentin Prison. I was not present but can safely say that any real criticism of her performance would have been superfluous; it was enough that she was there. Yet I do not think it likewise sufficient that Katherine Hepburn was merely *here*, on television, in "The Glass Menagerie"—even if Nielson-land is as criminally destitute of fine drama as San Quentin Prison. The Anthony Harvey Production of the Tennessee William masterpiece presented several weeks ago and again last week on ABC was very bad, even embarrassing if one dwells on the performances of Hepburn's "supporting" cast. But...Hepburn is in it. So perfunctory homage is paid a great actress for doing a great role for television which is the same as doing it for "the people," the inmates of mass culture, of NFL Football.

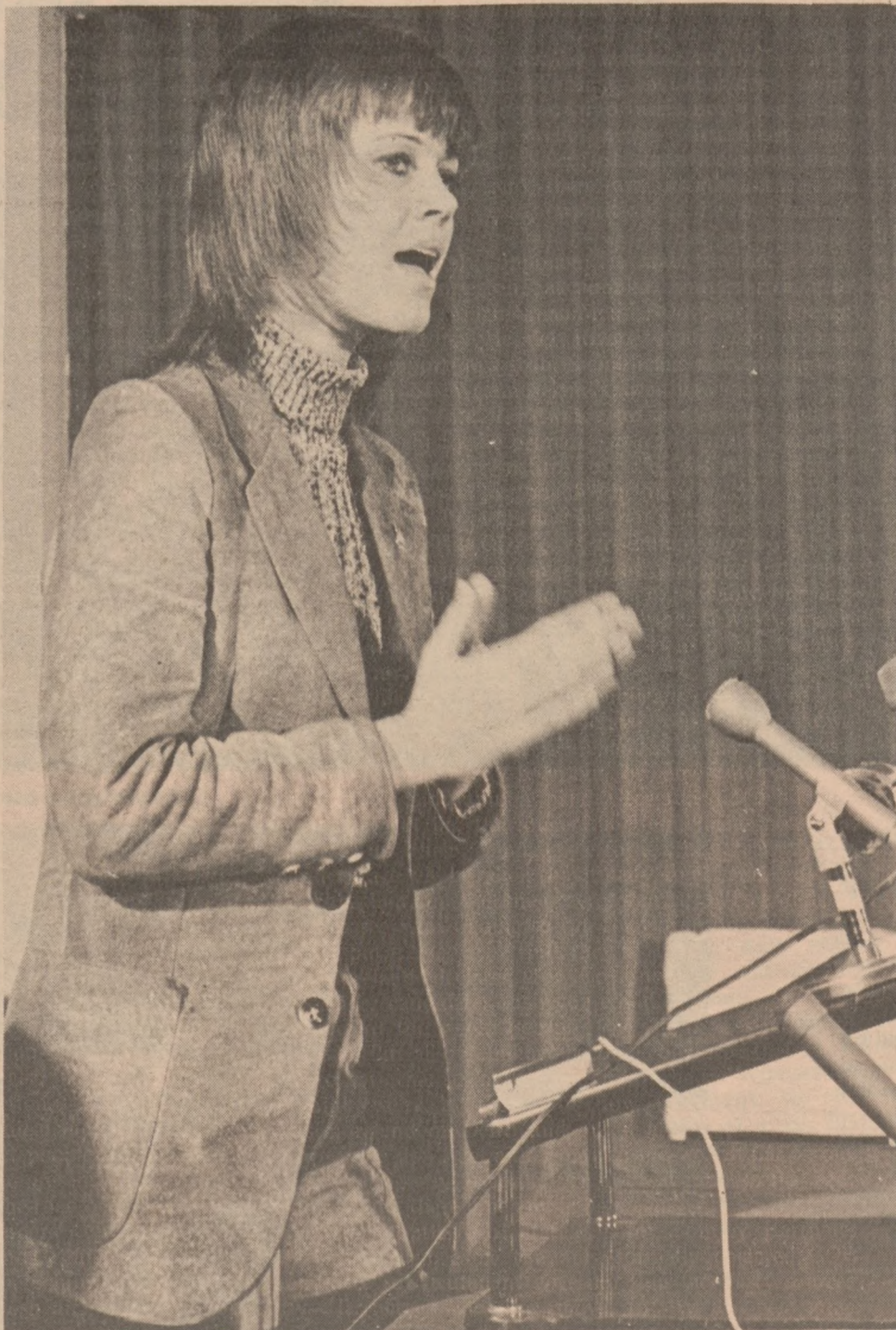
It would be fair to assume that Harvey was content to document a Hepburn performance. *How* it was done was apparently a matter of indifference to Harvey; it was Hepburn's decision to film the production rather than video tape it. Film or tape, it probably doesn't matter: I am told that tape is every bit as technically effective as film. Yet, speaking in terms of negative achievement, it is certain that Harvey's anti-imaginative use of tape would have been even more disastrous than his anti-imaginative use of film. "Glass Menagerie" might have been reduced to six episodes of "Search for Tomorrow". This last is not self-indulgent sarcasm; "Glass Menagerie" is produced at its worst is little more than a soap opera.

"The Glass Menagerie" is described by Williams as a dream play. It should be stylized on the model of a poignant memory. The play's narrator, Tom, should be at the forefront, so that each scene of the play is essentially a recall. The stage production calls for sentimental music, unrealistic lighting, pantomime, and a portion of the action, dimmed to the mind's eye by time, is to be played behind a scrim. Film, of course, would take all these stage "innovations" quite in stride, it being made for "memory" or "dream" sequences. But Harvey does not worry himself with a film's ability to transcend space and time; he shoots all six scenes of the play with realistic interior close-ups. The narrative connectives spoken by Tom are eliminated or done with voice-over. The result is that the character of Tom is not in the forefront. The play comes not from his mind, the scenes are not set delicately in the distant past, the play is not a poignant memory. Set crudely in the present it becomes a rather uninteresting melodrama.

Even Hepburn—largely thanks to Harvey—seems unsatisfactory. Her misgivings were justified about being physically "too angular" for the role of Amanda Wingfield. (The "roundness" of Helen Hayes seems more suitable). Physical angularity makes it nearly impossible for Hepburn to sashay, or, more accurately, to give the bearing of once having sashayed.

But Harvey's persistent close-up shots do more damage than Hepburn's silhouette. The immortal Amanda Wingfield, aging and misplaced plantation daughter, is a character of high definition. The character is positively overbearing if framed in every scene with mordant realism. On stage, Amanda's entire opening speech is best done behind scrim; an equivalent distancing technique should be employed with film. The distancing in this particular speech serves to catch Amanda as a monument in memory; but the "trivial" content of the speech (Amanda is discussing among other things, Tom's eating habits) makes the monument a human one.

Harvey, of course, merely photographs Hepburn close-up from every angle. What



Jane Fonda at a 1970 stop-over in Columbia

we see, unfortunately, is a lady of impeccable strength. Hepburn's voice resonates tragically. Even lines of flippant coquettishness intone a deep foreboding. (With her "too angular" body, we see only Amanda's desperate fighting bones and never her frivolous flesh). That is why the memory motif (destroyed by the screenplay) is crucial to every line of the play. The mere idea of a poignant memory has in itself a sense of deep foreboding. Yet individual moments of the memory can run against the grain of this theme and create a dramatic friction. In short, somewhere we must be allowed to enjoy Amanda.

Williams has written in the stage directions, and has repeatedly warned, that Amanda must not be played from stereotype. The responsibility, however, for making of Amanda more than a "stereotype" lies more with the other actors than it does with the actress playing Amanda. Amanda must not be played from type but the fact is that to a great extent she is a type and that she will be perceived only as a type unless the characters of Laura and Tom provide us relief from this perception. In Laura and Tom's hasty glances and words and Tom's ironic or sarcastic comments we are shown that *they* know, that *they* see the "stereotype" in Amanda and so force us to look beyond it. Sam Waterson and Joanna Miles in the roles of Tom and Laura are unfortunately caught up in Hepburn's skirts: by their own docility they hurt the impression of Hepburn's performance.

Tom must see through Amanda start to finish; he, more than anyone, knows the deep futility of the Wingfield situation. Waterson gives Tom absolutely no insight, no sardonic strength. Played off the set by Hepburn, he is at best little more than a belligerent boy.

Joanna Miles, as the crippled sister Laura, appears to be too old for the part, and I felt, not pretty enough. A real-life Laura might indeed be homely but poetic license demands that Laura be attractive in some way. Laura should be bright enough in her life of fantasy to still expect something from the world, although she is terrified of it and possibly quite beyond help. Miles consigns her to old maidenhood. (If Hepburn is persistently tragic, Miles follows her lead in a morbid way and the Wingfield apartment, made claustrophobic by Harvey's camera, becomes Pinteresque and sinister.)

Williams describes Jim, the gentleman caller, as a "nice, ordinary young man." He is Irish and robust and literally a gentle bull in the china shop of Laura's fragile world of little glass animals. Unwittingly, he breaks Laura's favorite piece of glass; unwittingly he breaks Laura. He can be played simply as a young man in love about to be married and wanting to spread his happiness to all. Michael Moriarty is irredeemably bad in this role. He exudes none of the above-mentioned qualities; and he reads his lines with zero intonation.

"Glass Menagerie" needs four strong

actors as surely as does "Long Day's Journey Into Night." If Harvey did not want to really make a film, he would have done no worse had he set out to document four, rather than one, performance. If ABC must think solely in terms of stars, I would have liked to see, for starters, Peter Fonda in the role of Tom and Jon Voigt as the gentleman caller.

In between the two airings of "Glass Menagerie", ABC took time to show what violence it had done to Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

Like most of Ibsen's "social" dramas, the play's dialogue is largely exposition. One damn thing after another is told us about *this* character by *that* character. But melodrama is only a means for Ibsen, not an end. The factual circumstances that Ibsen reveals in the course of a drama make for a cat's cradle of historical rubber bands in which all the characters are inextricably bound. The characters in D.H. Lawrence are bound together, too, either by mystical passion, or healthy predatory lust, or both, in the service of a "blood consciousness" that supposedly lurks beneath the social artifice; the Ibsen characters on the other hand, seem to be bound together, just as passionately, by the social artifice itself.

I will not try to summarize the plot; it would be too long and tedious. Suffice it to say that "A Doll's House" has a lengthy and complicated exposition. In the play, all events occur in three days fictional time and the action takes place within a tightly enclosed proscenium box. The screenplay for the ABC special unnecessarily exploits film's ability to move about in space and time. Circumstances and facts that are revealed by the characters in the course of the play are elaborated upon and given separate treatment as scenes in the screenplay. The screenplay spreads the action nearly a decade in fictional time. Consequently important information that should become known in the course of the play's melodramatic structure is known from the start by the addition at the beginning of utterly superfluous scenes. The rubber band effect mentioned above requires that the play be as tightly compressed as possible. Thinking back to the fundamental flaw of Harvey's version of "Glass Menagerie", it is interesting to note that "A Doll's House" is one play that would tolerate best simple straight filming of the play as a play with little cinematic distortion. It was certainly not necessary to film "on location" in Norway. No outside scenes were necessary. The screenplay over-extended the rubber band cat's cradle; it broke, and the characters were left dangling.

"A Doll's House" stars Jane Fonda in the role of Nora Helmer. Fonda should be commended for tackling the role but it seems impossible that she could ever pull it off. Nora is doll-like and Fonda is obviously nothing of the sort. She is too intelligent; her eyes do not sparkle, as Nora's might, they only penetrate. David Warner as the "domineering" husband Torvald is as ineffectual in the presence of Fonda as Sam Waterson is in the presence of Hepburn, and like, Waterson, he must compensate for his lack of personal presence by becoming boisterous in every scene of confrontation.

I have looked at these two TV films primarily with the dramatic literature they represent in mind knowing, however, that the semantics of literature or drama are not those of film, that the television audience is not "literary," and that TV is best suited to talk and human personality. But these plays are important plays and ABC should not have been content to merely garner the talents of two exceptional actresses.

Books/ Looking Back and Supernature

Remembering how it was

by Marilyn W. Thompson

LOOKING BACK: A Chronicle of Growing Up Old in the Sixties

By Joyce Maynard

Doubleday and Company, Inc., 1973

Maybe you remember how it was back then. I do.

Those agonizing junior high school days when every action, every article of clothing you wore was of maximum importance. When being "good looking" and having a "great personality" were a person's major assets, and being a part of the clannish "in crowd" was the dream of both girls and boys.

Or maybe you remember elementary school—that strange period of transition from carefree youth (grades 1-4) to serious womanhood (grades 5-6). Suddenly, jerked from the comfort of childish innocence, you were taught (in school, nevertheless) of the eternal "burden of womanhood", with the aid of animated Walt Disney flicks and a very prim school nurse who whispered of something "beautiful and exciting" that was going to happen to your body.

And surely you remember high school. Who doesn't? The closely knit sorority and fraternity kids and the allied groups of "nobodies" living in two separate worlds—one, a glamorous whirlwind of parties, dances, and daring romances; the other, well, not so exciting. Remember how "who-was-dating-who" was more important than the Vietnam War or national politics? Of course, there was a lot of serious thought in those times, like where to go to school, what to major in, etc.

These memories are very real to me. Perhaps that is why I feel such a feeling of comradeship with Joyce Maynard. In her short "chronicle of growing up old in the sixties," Maynard gives not only a nostalgic look at youth but also some keen observations on the effects that the hectic '60's decade has had on a whole generation.

For Maynard and for many others, it was fast-paced, sophisticated time that left little room for youthful immaturity. It was a world without the luxury of childish illusions; there was no real place for Santa Claus, or tooth fairies, or even fairy tales. And the results, according to Maynard, are that "we're tired, often more from boredom than exertion, old without being wise, wordily not from seeing the world but from watching it on television."

Written while she was an eighteen-year-old Yale sophomore, Maynard's *Looking Back* is a terse, concise work that is extremely well-written, especially considering the author's age and the fact that this is her first writing endeavor of major proportions.

She writes on the premise that "you can't really know where we are and how we got there without knowing where we've been," and so all of her backward glimpses, her personal memories, are directed toward that end.

"I don't claim to be a spokesman for my generation," Maynard explains. "But because we are media children, because the Beatles and the Kennedys were as close as relatives, some of the memories are national, even universal."

Her memories are strangely similar to those of every other child of the Pepsi generation.

Who could have grown up then without feeling the tragedy of the Kennedy assassination or the impact of the unprecedented mania of the Beatles' first appearance on the Sullivan show?

Yet, Maynard does not limit herself to recollections of the hula-hoop championships and Dr. Kildare segments. As the book goes on she gets into heavy thinking, expounding her opinions on "using drugs and sleeping with boyfriends

and dropping out to buy land in Vermont and live off the soil."

There are perhaps the weakest sections of the book. Although Maynard proposes some sound criticisms against smoking marijuana and presents a convincing argument against keeping or losing one's virginity, her writing style itself tends to lose much of its appeal when she mounts the soapbox to preach her viewpoints.

There is an obvious, disappointing change of tone in the book; she changes from a sometimes lighthearted, sometimes cynical commentator to a bitter critic of what she calls youth's "I-don't give-a-shit"

attitude and actions. Both parts are good, but the mixture of the two is rather unfortunate.

Another feature which detracts from the book's overall stylistic excellence is Maynard's strange ordering of events and recollections. Although she divides the book into chapters according to particular years, the events she describes often have no relation to the date. She flits back and forth from year to year in a sometimes annoying manner. It reads as though she initially had a pattern for the book, but later decided to disregard it.

Maynard's book would probably not

have widespread appeal; mainly, it would be of interest to those who grew up in this particular time and realize its uniqueness.

And there is no hard-hitting theme to be gotten from the book; it is, however, very thought-provoking, a catalyst for some kind of personal "looking-back experience."

As Maynard says, "If there's a main theme...I think it's the idea of growing up old, feeling not disillusionment so much as weariness." "If chronicling my youth at eighteen seems strange," she explains, "it is the prematurely aging sixties that make me look back, already, at what most people turn to only in old age."

Science to mysticism

by Dale Alan Bailes

SUPERNATURE: Science, Occultism, and a Sense of Wonder

By Lyall Watson

344 Pages

Doubleday \$7.95

"...living things are involved in an open dialogue with the universe, a free exchange of information and influence that unites all life into one vast organism that is itself part of an even larger dynamic structure."

—Lyall Watson

"Saturn has been an obstacle in my planetary system...and just removed itself from my system. I feel free and unburdened."

—Bob Dylan, January, 1974

When Bob Dylan was questioned recently by interviewers who wanted to know why he picked this point in time to do his first concert tour in eight years, he gave several reasons.

Some people may have thought his reference to Saturn's influence in his decision was a put-on, similar to the answers Dylan gave to just about all questions during the early sixties. Lyall Watson, author of *Supernature*, would not think so; one of the numerous phenomena of science he discusses in this book is the influence of planetary positions in predicting sunspot activity and thus influencing Earth and its inhabitants.

As in the other topics discussed throughout the book, Dr. Watson links known scientific facts with either his own hypotheses or with such historical "occult" ideas as alchemy, psychometry and astrology.

For example, Watson cites John Nelson's work for RCA in 1951, when Nelson was engaged in study factors that

affect radio reception. Since it was known that sunspots are the major cause of interference, Nelson studied records as far back as 1932 and discovered that sunspots occurred when two or more planets were in line, at right angles, or arranged at right angles to the sun. In later studies, using data from all the planets, Nelson achieved an accuracy of predicting sunspot activity of 93 percent—delighting not only his bosses at RCA, but also the astrologists of his time who saw his work as the first piece of scientific fact that we could be influenced in any way by the planets.

Watson, in his scientific attempts to discern some cosmic law and order, has read studies on oysters, cockroaches, and lunar tides in a cup of tea. Oysters moved from their home on Long Island Sound in Connecticut to Evanston, Illinois were studied by one Frank Brown. Brown noticed that after two weeks the oysters began changing their behavior patterns; he investigated various possible causes and concluded that the oysters had readjusted their tidal timetable and had begun opening at the time the tide would have flooded Evanston had the town been on the shore and not perched on the bank of a Great Lake some 580 feet above sea level. The oysters also were opening when the moon was directly overhead in Evanston. Dr. Watson cites this work by Brown as the first scientific evidence that an organism living away from the ocean tides could be influenced by the passage of the moon.

Watson's discussion of time rhythm in organisms and in man allows him to reveal a rather strange sense of humor. He discusses Janet Harker's work at Cambridge University with cockroaches, noting that

cockroaches "...generally suffer from a bad press, but they are excellent experimental animals." And in a section discussing mathematics and the physics of life, he gives the following tongue-in-cheek report:

The ecologist Lamont Cole worked with a Rand Corporation publication that gives a million random digits. He selected numbers at regular intervals to represent the level of metabolic activity of a unicorn at the end of each hour over a long period. There should have been no relationship between the numbers and no kind of cyclic pattern, but Cole is now credited with the shattering discovery that unicorns are busiest at three o'clock in the morning.

Lyall Watson has a sense of humor; he also has a sense of wonder. *Supernature* is an attempt on his part to "fit all of nature, the known and the unknown, into the body of supernature, and to show that, of all the faculties we possess, none is more important at this time than a wide-eyed sense of wonder."

His own sense of wonder having been increased by his career as an archeologist, an anthropologist, and a marine biologist, Watson has turned to reading and to writing to encourage interest in cosmos, matter, mind, and time. He cites research in numerous scientific disciplines garnered from journals published around the world, as well as unique instances of events that might have come right out of Ripley's Believe It Or Not. Whether discussing cymatics, acupuncture, or divining rods, Watson's explanations of scientific factors are concise and inspiring, and his leaps from the scientific to the occult and mystical are rational and thought-provoking.

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Theatre/Workshop

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by Mike Smith

DUMBWAITER and WHITE LIES
directed by Harvey Golden
at Workshop Theatre

Not even an unexpected fire can daunt the spirits of the Workshop Theatre members and workers. While the theatre's lobby has undergone a fiery metamorphosis as a result of a blaze there in early January, the auditorium has met with even more radical changes.

In the first presentation of the new year, Workshop offers Arena Theatre—two plays in "the round." Though the effect does not appear totally successful, it's certainly a noble experiment and shouldn't be discouraged.

Director Harvey Golden was probably wise to stage Peter Schaffer's "White Lies" in the round format, for the seating arrangement—audience on two sides with the stage in the middle—underlines one of the major themes of the play—voyeurism.

Somewhere near the top of the world sits famed clairvoyant Baroness Lemberg—who never lies—gazing into her crystal ball, her bird cage, and her mirror. Having created her own personal hell, the Baroness spins the story of her life, weaving throughout it the tragedy of love and the bitterness of regret. Two men enter the Baroness' shop to have their futures read. The first of these two men is not really interested in futures as much as fortunes. In fact, he has an offer for the Baroness—one that can brighten her monetary future by 25 pounds. So, the seer undertakes this plan and begins to tell "little white lies," instead of the "truth" to the unsuspecting second visitor.

Schaffer has failed to tighten his play to make it work effectively on stage. The Baroness' rambling monologue at the beginning of the play only postpones the coming action while being a bothersome technique. The playwright draws the audience's attention to the very fact that they are watching a stage show even though he generally accepts the tenets of dramatic naturalism for presenting his play. He cannot integrate this material into the



Rob Bigalke, left, and Stuart Browne in "The Dumbwaiter"

remaining sections of the play. Once Schaffer does get down to business, he does marvelously, easily weaving moral attitudes and cynical humor into an entertaining series of shocks and counter-shocks.

Golden generates a lot of movement on the stage, which helps the play through its wordier moments, and also insures a light-swinging motion that stresses the comic elements of the script. He has worked well with his small cast, keeping each "personna" under control. Carol Gergel as the Baroness Lemberg comes to life very slowly, due mainly to Schaffer's over-writing and to the audience's unfamiliarity with Gergel's accent which must take root in the ear before becoming understandable. Gergel gives a warm, comic performance which is a delight to watch. She moves comfortably on stage, presenting the Baroness as a free-moving, romantic on the verge of a very remarkable madness. Bill Mould as the first visitor, Frank, builds a despicable character out of carefully controlled details. In his initial entrance, he exudes odiousness by merely walking on stage and glancing about himself. The sound of his voice only adds to his excellent performance of a nasty man. Wally Whitworth as Tom, the second visitor, never initially presents a believable character, but his performance makes sense as the play progresses.

The second half of the double bill was a "biggie"—Harold Pinter's 1957 comedy of

menace "The Dumbwaiter". In a windowless dump somewhere in Birmingham, England, two murderers-for-hire await some notice of their next assignment. They talk, try to make tea, and finally become involved with sending food up a dumbwaiter to invisible guests in the rooms above them. The title aptly explains the action of the play, for we see a series of "dumbwaiters"—men of clumsy actions who cannot provide the accoutrements of home-life, men who are forced to dumbly serve the whims of those "above them."

Anyone unaccustomed to a Pinter play is certainly in for a surprise with "The Dumbwaiter." Pinter's sassy dialogue and knife-slashing humor merge into a sublime poetry of silences, sterility, and impending doom. He doesn't present actions so much as the imitation of actions. While his two characters "wait" on people, their actions become ludicrous—a parody of the real action. Once involved in the ritual of serving, though, they cannot stop performing their roles until they have fulfilled the needs of all their incredible customers—whatever they may be.

Arena staging almost defeats the production—as the script calls for a confining windowless room. The narrowness of the characters' "Territory" is very important to the play. The openness of the arena stage destroys the claustrophobic effect by presenting the play in mid-air, so to speak. Since the

actors spend much of the play reclining on bunks, the staging does bring us closer to them, but Pinter's play deals with the lack of intimacy in human contacts. Our closeness to the action tones down this theme.

Golden handles the content of Pinter's play admirably. He keeps the dialogue unraveling at a quick and deadly pace. The last vignette could be tighter. The final action breaks the remarkable rhythm generated by the play; it unfolds too quickly on the stage by fractions of a second. All in all, Golden has accomplished a first-rate production of a difficult play. He has certainly reached his own understanding of Pinter; his handling of the play reflects this. We should congratulate him for having the courage to undertake such a work in the first place.

Golden's two actors complement the production. The two characters—Gus and Ben—are stereotypes of the Lennie-and-George variety: a slow-witted hulk and a domineering "keeper." Rob Bigalke as Gus and Stuart Browne as Ben side-step clichés, though, by intelligently building their characters. Bigalke's blending of comedy and pathos easily captivates the audience. He opens Gus to us, soaking up our sympathy each time Ben insults him with a snarl. He never plays the character as a fool; only as a sad, but also humorous, human being. Browne excellently creates Ben—the threatening bully. He coolly injects the play with a growing aura of destruction and sterility with his razor-sharp reading of his lines. These two young actors never fail their playwright, their director, or their audience.

Technically, of course, a Workshop production can never be faulted. Tony Honicutt's lighting is particularly effective in "The Dumbwaiter." Charles Earle and Dee Albritton served as producer and technical director. "White Lies" and "The Dumbwaiter" are challenging plays by two of the best practicing British playwrights. Both are enjoyable entertainments as well as serious drama for anyone who delights in modern stage craft.

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Music/Country Gazette

Good And Bad

by Dan Harmon

DON'T GIVE UP YOUR DAY
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Country Gazette

United Artists UA-LA090-F

There is both good and bad bluegrass music, believe it or not, and there is good bluegrass music that is much more widely accepted by bluegrass fans than other good (or better) bluegrass. To shorten this review I will simply state here that the Country Gazette does some very fancy bluegrass—and it is bluegrass. I don't care how they or anybody else might describe it. Foregoing their goodness, the question to address is, how well will they fit in? And the answer is, there's a good chance they won't fit in at all, but if you folks will kindly go out and buy up their albums they ought to be able to survive. I for one would certainly appreciate that.

Some explaining. Bill Monroe, founding father of bluegrass music, organizes a big festival at Bean Blossom, Indiana, every year. Last June MCA recorded some of it and released a two-record live set called "Bean Blossom." (If you're into bluegrass buy it, because it's closer to where it's at than the Dirt Band's highly commendable "Will the Circle Be Unbroken?" collection.) The people in the audience—lots of screaming girls included—obviously are wildly moved by the old favorites: Jimmy Martin, papa Bill, his son James, etc. But the applause is a bit subdued when 20-year-old banjoist Carl Jackson comes out and does a pretty dynamite version of "Orange Blossom Special." And it isn't because Jackson has hair covering his ears. A banjoist friend of mine who's been around explained to me the reason for the coolness: Jackson is *too good*. Which is not to say the audience is exactly jealous. See, a non-bluegrass-banjo freak would listen to Jackson's playing and say, "Yeah, that's bluegrass, all right." But that would be like listening to Keith Emerson on synthesizer and saying, "Yeah, that's rock-'n-roll." As my friend explained it, Jackson isn't a bluegrass picker. He's a "hornpipe" picker, which is a very suped-up bluegrass picker. When a bluegrass picker plays a song you hear the melody line, or a reasonable facsimile, among that jumble of plucked notes, with maybe a fancy run thrown in between phrases. Well, a hornpipe player will do whole verses of fancy runs blended smoothly together, freely ignoring the melody. Most people will listen to hornpiping and say, "Wow!" A bluegrass faithful probably will listen to it and say, "That's very good, but I like bluegrass, myself."

This is one way the Gazette could run into acceptance problems. Half the songs on this album were written by people like Stephen Stills ("The Fallen Eagle"), Elton John and Bernie Taupin ("Honky Cat") and Graham Nash ("Teach Your Children"). The Gazette is practically all acoustic—mandolin, guitar, banjo, fiddle, string

bass—and they sing like shore 'nough hillbillies. But the lyrics to "Teach Your Children," I submit, are not quite what Mr. Monroe had in mind. And bucking bluegrass purists can be a rocky road to take if you're trying to make your mark in that field.

On the other hand, unless the

'...The Dillards typify those that have shifted from bluegrass to rock-country and now are generally ignored in the mountain arena...'

ordinary record buyer has some affinity for the bluegrass sound he/she isn't going to have much use for this album. Not many uncompromising pop fans will care to hear straight hillbilly rehashes of three- or four-year-old pop hits, along with country oldies (Flatt and Scruggs' "Down the Road") and some of the Gazette's own country

instrumental concoctions.

Their achievement is quite unique, though. Most young bluegrass groups are justifiably obscure. The Dillards, talented but under-rated 10 years ago, typify those that have shifted from bluegrass to rock-country (or farther) and now are generally ignored in the mountain arena. On the other side of the coin are people like High Country, a hippy-looking group who decided to do straight, old-fashioned acoustic country music, of which they offer nothing high but a pricetag. (I unknowingly bought their first album, cut in 1971. A listening and a half confirmed it as about the most lifeless, unenthusiased hillbilly music you'll ever want to hear. Anybody interested in a hot deal?—Two bucks and High Country is all yours.)

The Country Gazette is altogether different. Straight country, but they know what they're doing. All have good credentials; fiddler-mandolinist Byron Berline once played with Monroe's Bluegrass Boys, even. (He also later chipped in on records by the Rolling Stones and The Byrds.) Individually, they are excellent, and combined they are excellent. They have put modern appeal into conservative bluegrass without really botching up the idiom.

My only gripe is that about half the vocalizing on this disc is done by a singer, Herb Pedersen, not included in the group.

(While we're on the subject, a similar investment would be a group called the Bluegrass Band. I've heard parts of their album—haven't been able to buy it anywhere. Four young guys. Their version of "Duelin' Banjos" is something to hear.)

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EVENTS & entertainments

Jan. 26-Feb. 1

cinema

If you're thinking about going to a movie, call ahead to verify times and shows. Many area theatres are subject to last minute changes in schedules.

ATLANTIC I THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"Cleopatra Jones" and "Super Fly" in a double feature. Call the theatre for showtimes.

ATLANTIC II THEATRE, 3220 Two Notch Road, 787-1225

"High Rise" is supposed to be the impossible, a musical, passable porno flick. Check it out. Rated X. Continuous shows from 3:30 p.m.

CAROLINA THEATRE, 1223 Main Street, 252-8011

"They Call Me Trinity" and "Trinity Is Still My Name." No comment. Shows are at 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. with an early show Saturday at 11:00 a.m.

DUTCH SQUARE NORTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Papillon" is still playing, but remember, it should be rated "R" for violence. Times at 1, 3:35, 6:15, and 9 p.m.

DUTCH SQUARE SOUTH THEATRE, Dutch Square Shopping Center, 798-1100

"Mr. Super Invisible" with Dean Jones and no, folks, this isn't Walt Disney. Showtimes are 1:50, 3:30, 5:10, 6:50, and 8:30 p.m.

FOX THEATRE, 1607 Main Street, 254-5212

"The Laughing Policeman" with Walter Matthau. Sounds pretty tense from what I see on television. Show times are 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Rated R.

GAMECOCK I THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, Cayce, 796-0022

"Key Largo", with Humphrey Bogart is the first offering of the Winter Fine Films Festival. Showtimes are 2, 3:50, 5:40, 7:30, and 9:20 p.m. Don't miss this one.

GAMECOCK II THEATRE, Parkland Shopping Center, 796-0022

"Last Tango in Paris" with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. Don't guess there's much left to say about this film except that it's well worth seeing. Times at 2:15, 4:30, 6:45 and 9:00 p.m. Rated X.

JEFFERSON SQUARE THEATRE, Jefferson Square, Downtown, 254-6731

"The Sting" is still playing. I loved it—perfect entertainment with Robert Redford and Paul Newman assisted by Robert Shaw (the chauffeur in "The Hireling") in this film about con-men in the 30's. Shows at 2:20, 4:40, 7:00, and 9:20 p.m. Early show Saturday, January 19 at 12:00 p.m.

MIRACLE THEATRE, 1225 Main Street, 256-1950

"Magnum Force" is another blood-and-guts bad sequel to "Dirty Harry". See our review in last week's paper. Shows at 3, 5:10, 7:10, and 9:30 p.m.

PALMETTO THEATRE, 1417 Main Street, 256-1950

"Don't Look Now" with Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland in this film about the supernatural and how it affects two grief-stricken young parents. Call the theatre for show times.

"Paper Chase" with John Houseman, Lindsay Wagner, and Timothy Bottoms starts next Friday. Check with the theatre for definites.

PLAZA III THEATRE, 1323 Main Street, 254-7960

"Sleeper", a comedy about the future with Woody Allen and Diane Keaton (who teamed up with him in "Play It Again, Sam"). Shows at 1, 2:40, 4:20, 6:00, 7:40 and 9:20 p.m.

RICHLAND MALL THEATRE, Richland Mall Shopping Center, 782-2228

"The Way We Were" with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford. We saw it and we sorta liked it. Showtimes are 1, 3, 5, 7, and 9 p.m. Rated PG.



television

Saturday, January 26

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Heat Wave" with Bonnie Bedelia and Ben Murphy caught in a small mountain town in the grips of a catastrophic heat wave. Sounds great, doesn't it. (Channel 25)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "Hamlet" is Nicol Williamson's triumphant portrayal of the moody Dane with Marianne Faithfull as Ophelia (Remember "As Tears Go By"). This one should be dynamite. (Channel 35, ETV)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "The Night They Raided Minsky's" is a fantastic film about the famous burlesque hall with Elliott Gould, Britt Ekland, Jason Robards, and the late Bert Lahr in his last role. (Channel 10)

11:00 p.m.—Debut of THEATRE IN AMERICA SERIES started with Maxim Gorky's "Enemies" about the Russian situation—whatever that is. Seriously, this one should be good if a trifle heavy for late on a Saturday night. With Carrie Nye and Kate Reid (whom you last saw in "A Delicate Balance"). (Channel 35, ETV)

Sunday, January 27

9:00 p.m.—Masterpiece Theatre has "Upstairs, Downstairs" in Part 4 where we see Elizabeth and Lawrence's love fading and Rose's heart twittering over Watkins—for the veddy British cutesy fun watch and tune in. (Fade out). (Channel 35)

10:00 p.m.—NBC News Presents Special Edition News with shorts on the dangers of transporting explosives through populated areas. Accidents occurring in this way are documented along with life in a Russian labor camp being discussed by its former inmates. (Channel 10)

10:00 p.m.—Firing Line. Billy Buckley meets Sweet Dean Rusk for a chat about the Kennedy and Johnson administrations. Now we won't see Rusk for another five years after this one. (Channel 35, ETV)

11:00 p.m.—Silent Film Classics has Greta Garbo and John Gilbert (when they were true-life lovers at the time) in "Flesh and the Devil", a story of the classic love triangle. Most people I know don't care about the sound, they just like looking at Greta. (Channel 35, ETV)

Monday, January 28

8:30 p.m.—"The Tribe Who Hides From Man" a documentary on the Kreen-Akore Indians in unexplored jungles of the Amazon. It is a graphic film about their lives and their civilization. If you get squeamish don't watch it. (Channel 35, ETV)

9:00 p.m.—"Judgement: The Trial of Ethel and Julius Rosenberg" is a drama which draws on actual testimony from the 1951 espionage trial of the Rosenbergs who were charged with conspiracy to deliver atomic secrets to the Soviet Union. They were eventually executed—I remember a fascinating picture of them in their respective electric chairs when I was a child. Sad. (Channel 25)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "See No Evil" about a blind girl (Mia Farrow) who is staying in the English countryside with relatives to find that

they're all being murdered one by one. As Judith Crist says, this movie is for people who find recreation tearing the wings off flies, but flies not being in season... (Channel 10)

9:30 p.m.—Profile: James Waddell. Find out all you need to know about Senator James Waddell from Beaufort. (Channel 35, ETV)

10:30 p.m.—ABC NEWS SPECIAL: Britain's Darkest Hours concerns the much more immediate energy shortage in Britain. (Channel 25)

Tuesday, January 28

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Girl Who Came Gift-Wrapped" has Karen Valentine (not Karen Valentine, that sweet little teacher from "Room 222") who is given as a gift to Richard Long (not Richard Long, Jared in "The Big Valley"). Sounds exciting, doesn't it... (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—A Prowler in the Heart" is a movie about a woman novelist fashioning an alibi to protect her younger and more sex-crazy husband from a murder charge. (Channel 25)

Wednesday, January 29

8:00 p.m.—Bill Moyers Journal welcomes Harry Bridges, one of the driving forces behind the rise of labor for more than 50 years. He talks about his years as an organizer and with the International Longshoremen and the Warehousemen's Unions. (Channel 35, ETV)

8:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Hellstrom Chronicle" about how the insects will inherit the earth. It's pretty damned scary, but if you have a color set you'll appreciate the beauty of a roach. It's in a fictional narrative context, by a very rational scientist type, but you'll still wish for a fly swatter. (Channel 25)

11:30 p.m.—Movie. "The Psychopath" is by the same guy who wrote "Psycho," Robert Bloch. Watch it if you dare (that's really corny). (Channel 19)

Thursday, January 30

9:00 p.m.—Movie. THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF MISS JANE PITTMAN starring Cicely Tyson as the former slave who lived to see the civil rights movement of the early 1960's. Ms. Tyson is a wonderful actress and Miss Jane Pittman an admirable lady. See the combination. (Channel 19)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "Double Solitaire" with Richard Crenna and Susan Clark on the CONFLICTS series for PBS about a middle-aged couple who is seeking to re-evaluate their marriage and each other. (Channel 35, ETV)

Friday, February 1

8:00 p.m.—"The Baboons of Gombe" by animal behaviorist Jane Goodall. Ms. Goodall focuses on intergroup relationships—such as mating and child-rearing (and one does follow the other, don't it). (Channel 25)

9:00 p.m.—Movie. "ZigZag" is a tricky movie with George Kennedy as a dying insurance agent who frames himself for a murder he didn't commit. Must have a brain tumor, huh.

11:30 p.m.—In Concert with the Steve Miller Band, Todd Rundgren, Billy Preston, and the James Cotton Band. (Channel 25)

1:00 a.m.—Midnight Special has Helen Reddy, Ike and Tina Turner, Curtis Mayfield, and Rare Earth. Sounds pretty lively. (Channel 10)

art

The Annual SPRINGS MILLS ART SHOW sponsored by Springs Mills Fabrics from Fort Mill, S. C. is now on view at the Columbia Museum of Art at the corner of Bull and Senate Streets in downtown Columbia. Winners this year are Frank Faulkner, Ray Drasites, Harry Hansen, John O'Neil, and Warren Johnson. The show is pretty lackluster, but Johnson's piece "Cecil's Deisel" is worth seeing in the Trustees Gallery.

Also on view at the Museum are the paintings of Francis Chapin through January 27 and drawings and paintings by Hans Boehler run through the 31st.

MOUNT ANGEL LIBRARY, an interpretive photographic study of the Oregon library by Alvar Aalto is on view at the Lee Hall Gallery at the College of Architecture at Clemson University through Jan. 28 along with the sculpture of JOHN KEHOE, which will run through the first of February. If you're in the neighborhood...

theatre

Town Theatre presents ANY WEDNESDAY as its first offering for 1974 with Belle Meade Heckel (one of the funniest women alive), Bob Bock and Kathy Bowman in this comedy about a man, his

mistress, and the inevitable wife. Hopefully, this one will make up for the past few lackluster presentations that director Joseph Ridolfo has given us. Starts January 25 and runs through February 7. Call the theatre for ticket prices and curtain times.

WHITE LIES by Peter Schaeffer and THE DUMBWAITER by Harold Pinter will be produced by Workshop Theatre starting January 22 through February 3. Directed by Harvey Golden, who knows how to do Pinter plays. Workshop Theatre was partially destroyed by fire last weekend, so call the theatre to find out where the play will be held and details on tickets. Curtain time is generally 8:30 p.m. We hope that Workshop recovers from this bout with chaos—Columbia can't afford to lose the only legitimate theatre in town.

specials

If you're a former PEACE CORPS VOLUNTEER and value what you learned and the experiences you had while on your "tour of duty" (some call it trial by fire depending on where you were sent and for what reasons—remember Vietnam) you might be interested in joining the Intercontinent Foundation created to "promote and encourage friendship among the people of the several nations of the world through the provision of scholarships to third world students in all academic fields." The Foundation will provide financial assistance through stipends and loans to students who either do not qualify for the present sources of financial assistance, or for whom institutional assistance is not sufficient. Grants will be non-repayable provided that the student, upon finishing his/her course of study will return to the native country—otherwise, they are considered loans. If you're interested, contact Jim Byrum at 254-4551 after hours (the nine-to-five ones).

All ticket holders (season tickets only) of the Columbia Fine Films Committee presentations are invited to a wine and cheese party on Sunday, Jan. 27 at 6 p.m. at the Imperial Ballroom of the Carolina Inn. There will also be a free showing of "A Star is Born" with Judy Garland for the subscribers.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY will sponsor the fourth film in its series called "Treasure of East Africa." Bower Rudrud photographed this portrait of East Africa showing the modern capitol of Nairobi, Masai tribesmen, and the animals of the plains and the rain forest. The film will be shown on Monday, Jan. 28 at 7:30 p.m. at the Business School Auditorium, corner of Pendleton and Barnwell Streets. Prices

PHOTOGRAPHER COATES CREWE will teach a short course in photography at the University of South Carolina from Jan. 29 through Feb. 23. The course will consist of four Tuesday night sessions with the emphasis on learning by doing. Tuition for the course is \$29 per person or \$49 per married couple and each participant must furnish his or her own black and white film and camera. Four rolls of film will be processed free of charge for each participant. For further information contact the Division of Educational Services at the University or call 777-2589.

The University of South Carolina Art Department will sponsor Saturday morning art classes for the kiddies beginning Feb. 9 and running for eight weeks. Two classes, one for 7-9 year olds and one for 10-12 year olds, will be held from 9 a.m. to 11 a.m. in Sloan College on the USC campus. The classes, which will offer a variety of art experiences for each child, will be taught by USC art education majors under the direction of Dorothy Doniphan. For further information about how to get rid of your kid on Saturday mornings (and to his or her good) contact the Art Department at 777-4236.

concerts

COUNTRY MUSIC SHOW with Donna Fargo will be presented at the Carolina Coliseum on Saturday, January 26 at 8:00 p.m. If you're a fan of country music, the tickets will cost you \$5.50, \$5 or \$4.50—so do it now.

Edited by Julie Byrum